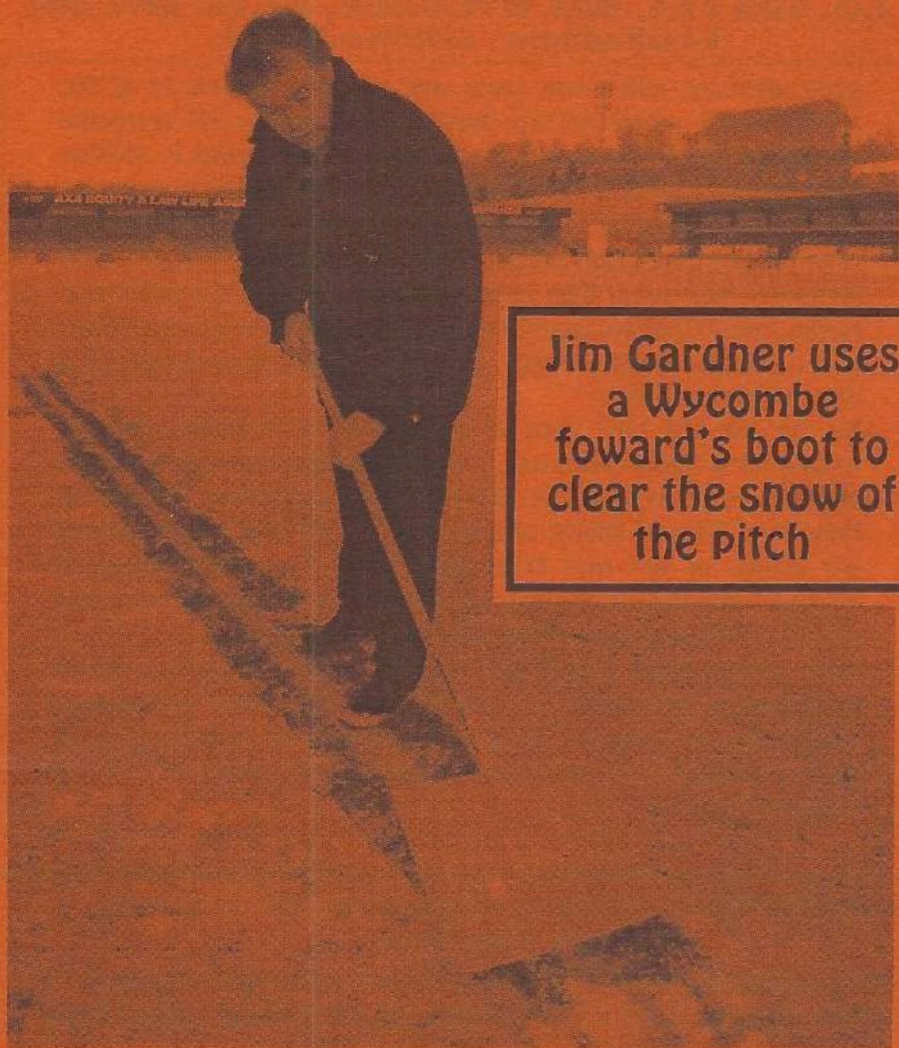


The **ADAMS FAMILY**

ISSUE 21.....NOW ONLY 60p.....MARCH/APRIL 96



Jim Gardner uses
a Wycombe
foward's boot to
clear the snow of
the pitch

WYCOMBE WANDERERS FANZINE

The **ADAMS FAMILY** *Club*

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Good afternoon ladies and gents, and welcome to issue 21 of The Adams Family where the big question is..... when will Wycombe Wanderers break the record for the lowest ever crowd in division two? The attendance for the Brighton game was downright worrying for club and supporter alike; who would have thought in those lazy summer days when Alan Smith rode into Buckinghamshire (or is that Berkshire!) dispensing high hopes and pasta diets in the midst of a media frenzy: that we would reach the stage where less than three and a half thousand punters could be bothered to turn out for a Wycombe home game?

Yes, for the first time since its conception T.A.F's merry men are writing for a "Crisis Club", and if you think that's dramatic then you obviously have very selective hearing as you walk about the ground these days. So who knows, will our scribes turn into morose cynical old beasts, or will rays of sunlight beam from their optimistic musings? Hopefully it will be a bit of both - at least that's what you should get when writing about a middle of the table team.

Over recent years WWFC has always been involved in either relegation or promotion issues and it was Alan Parry who always trotted out the line, "I'll tell you one thing, life is never dull at Wycombe Wanderers". Tell you what Alan..... it is now!

Enjoy your read.

CONTRIBUTORS: Jon Dickinson, Neil Peters, Dave Chapman, Andy Dickinson & Doug Peters.

ALSO AVAILABLE FROM: Wycombe Wines & Scorpion Records.

THANK YOU TO: The Bucks Free Press for all photos & Catford Copy Centre for their smashing printing.

It's been almost exactly three months since the last issue of The Adams Family hit the streets and in that time there have been three victories, five draws and seven defeats. All in all it's not a very impressive sequence and it comes on the back of an equally poor first half of the season. So doesn't it just serve to illustrate the desperation of Alan Smith's, "That's one in the eye for the whingers" quote following the admittedly superb demolition of Stockport County. Yes, I suppose it was one in the eye for the whingers, sadly there hasn't been much sign since of any more optical poking from the boys in blue. Lets face it there have been occasions during this season where Wycombe have looked to have turned the corner (i.e. Bradford & Oxford), but they've all turned out to be false alarms and the rest of the season has been as poor as a jewellers on Moss-side.

Smith's quote after the Stockport game was the first sign of bunker mentality from the man, clasping hold of a great result and using it to try and justify all of the pitiful ones we've already witnessed. If anyone else - be it TAF, the BFP or any supporter - aired so confidently, opposing views after a negative result they'd be called an idiot and quite rightly. The reason Wycombe fans have the right to hold open season on the team and management's performance is that they have seen match after match of pretty damning evidence.

In a way, the Stockport performance makes the whole nature of Wycombe's season even more impossible to explain - how does a side go from the heights of that to the depths of Brighton?

BE GRATEFUL FOR YOU COULD BE SLOUGH!

Of course, we are still in twelfth position and are constantly reminded that we should be grateful for this and still worship unquestionably at the shrine of Smith. Yes, we should be glad that we aren't in Brighton's position but lets be realistic. Brighton are right up shit creek, they've only made one cash purchase in the last four years, and they've no idea where they will be playing next year. If we are being expected to see ourselves as fortunate to be up there with a club in that sort of state, then it's a remarkable turn round in the position of some figures within our club.

Remember last season when we very nearly made the play-off's, (and in fact would have done if the number of promotion places were the same as they are this year) we were told that O'Neill was absolutely gutted that we didn't make it, after being scuppered by a poor run-in. Then he left

and was replaced by the current manager who we all welcomed as the top man for the job. Everyone knew things would change, as they invariably do, but also Alan Smith left us in no doubt that they would. Remember how we swooned over all the chat about how unfit the players were but how fit they were now; remember pasta diets, remember great packages for the supporter. Oh glorious days awaited us, we thought, as cash signing's eclipsing that of O'Neill's were made and great free bargains were secured like.... er, Brian McGorry! Despite the hype though, Wycombe failed to win many games and have continued on that path ever since, frankly it's starting to dawn on me that all those wise words might well have simply been a healthy portion of meaningless psychobabble.

DON'T BELIEVE THE HYPE!

In fact, I'd say that it was the early season hype that is causing all the disgruntlement on the terraces. Alan Smith put himself over as a man in complete control, but he seems to have little control over what his team do. Also the high expectations of the Wycombe public are not entirely of their own making - Alan Parry has been fanning these for years with his, "We can do a Wimbledon" quotes. I've always thought these to be rather irresponsible and I believe it's precisely these sort of statements that have bred a Wycombe support that cannot deal with the concept of paying to see a team loose. A lot of folk have come into watching Wycombe with no footballing tradition in their lives and are just discovering the fact that not everyone can win - that's why our crowds continue to plummet. Before I sound hypocritical I should point out that I can handle Wycombe losing, but not the manner in which an obviously talented set of players currently do!

M.C JOHNNY G. IN THE HOUSE!

Moving on, the gloom of the Brighton game was somewhat lifted by the return to the P.A. of John Goldsworthy. Instead of our ears being assaulted by "All I need is a miracle" by Mike & the Mechanics or that Human league song they always play, there skipped through the air a tune that could only be described as 'barn dance jazz'. Continuing the bizarre behaviour Mr. G failed to read the teamsheet out in the last quarter of an hour before kick off, and caused great amusement with the saga of the locked out mother. Basically, some bloke had locked his mother out of the house and she was waiting at gate three for the keys. Now the 'G could have just asked the lad to go to gate 3 and let him find out what was up but instead he roared out, "You've locked your mother out and she's waiting for the keys". This provoked a wave of laughter all around the ground (or was it the sharp shooting of the Wycombe frontline?) which was surpassed 20 minutes later when Goldsworthy announced again, "Your mother's still waiting at gate 3!" Quality entertainment and I for one demand that it continues for the rest of the season. One last point on the subject, where does the usual DJ get his records from? Now obviously it's up to him what music he buys for his own enjoyment, but couldn't a deal be done with a local music emporium for Wanderers to borrow some decent records? After all, if the only music you

heard was at WWFC you'd probably think that Mike & the Mechanics were to do with Britpop! Even Peterborough, hardly in a 'buzzin' area of Blighty, managed to play the Bluetones & Cast. Now I'm sure that our senior citizen readers aren't remotely interested in getting a blast of Menswear or Fluffy over the P.A. (neither am I actually) but I'm equally sure that they don't like Tina Turner screeching like a drug crazed parrot, so lets get these records sorted and stop shaming ourselves in front of travelling supporters.

THE ADAMS CLUB (?)

Before the Stockport game I was pleased to see my colleagues on the pitch presenting Gary Patterson with his player of the month award, well more pleased than Mr. Beeks looked to see them anyway! However I was amused to hear them announced as, "contributors to The Adams Club". Should we change our name? Answers on a postbox.

STAND AND DELIVER!

It's good to see that a date for the construction of the new stand has been set (March 18th). After weeks and weeks of, "It'll be starting in the next few weeks" I was beginning to think they'd never get round to it. That said it's going to have to be a swift turnaround to get it finished for next season - lets just hope the construction company don't employ the same people who work 'tirelessly' on our resplendent British motorways. Looking at the new structure at Peterborough, if ours is similar then we will have something to be very proud of, but the big question is - will we have 'the blues' marked out with white seats? It seems a good idea to me but then again, in three years time Mark Austin will probably have exhausted the designs of blue kits and will be attempting to get us to accept a green and orange number!

FULL OF SHIRTI!

I shall end this rather long missive, (cheers if you've managed to stay with it) by sticking up for the club with its voting scheme allowing supporters to have some say in the new kit design. Despite neither being much to my liking, I think the best shirt won and I'm sure we'll get used to it, it's certainly no worse than the current one with its 'medallion on a vest' bit, under the collar. I can't quite see how WWISC's Bob Officer's idea about supporters being involved in the design would actually work - even if we think the designs are crap they still take time and cost money to produce, and who will choose the people to represent the fans? (unless they're willing to allow 3,500 of us into a design studio!) Besides the average Wycombe supporter is hardly blessed with elan and style in abundance anyway. A lot of the time the club behaves in a dictatorial way towards its supporters, but on this occasion I believe they did the right thing. Cheers.

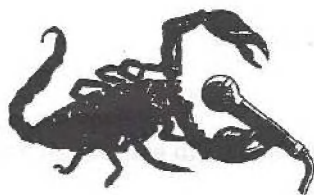
LATE EXTRA!

Of course, those records come from 1170am - no wonder then.

So long farewell **PAUL HYDE**

It still leaves me with a slightly stale taste in my mouth when I talk or in this case write about the sad and untimely departure of Paul Hyde. Over the years Wycombe have purchased some wonderful and not so wonderful players. Along with the skill some of them have even had a personality. Hyde has always been a Blues favourite and I am confident I speak for many when I say he will be sorely missed. He had a tremendous rapport with the crowd, speaking to many fans before the game and always sharing an after match joke and pint in the Blues Club. Along with the personality he was also very talented. A tremendous shot stopper, Paul often saved (and ate) Wycombe's bacon many times during his stint, plenty of these were in spectacular style. Hyde was also known to be extremely hard often to the point of self destruction. He never bottled a challenge and would always help out a team mate in a spot of bother even if this was at the other end of the pitch. It's quite apparent Paul was not happy to leave a club he was so fond of and it's a shame he didn't even get the chance to say a decent goodbye. I'm not sure of all the facts surrounding his exit and can not write knowledgeably on the contract situation but I do believe Alan Smith made the biggest mistake. I have always believed that business in football should not effect the team or selection. It's unbelievable to think that the week Hyde was dropped he had just won player of the month, an award apparently presented to him behind closed doors. You don't drop an in form player because he has upset you or has a contractual dispute. I understand it's the manager who has to play around with a budget to pay these players wages but it is we the fans fund these wages and we wanted Hydrie. Now Leicester have benefited from this disagreement and Hyde may well go on to have the last laugh. Hyde was also a great if not the biggest fan there is of TAF . He would go hunting for a copy on the day of release with the introductory line of " Give us three mate, one for me old man one for me and one for the scrap book, I love it". Now I know Paul is not here to say otherwise but he really did like it. In fact he loved it so much he has our logo

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DEAR IVOR



Once again folks we have found our dear Ivor bag over flowing in the corner of our Kensington offices and as usual they have all been read and those that have been printed will all be answered personally by Ivor and a crisp tenner will be stapled to the reply. Please note that we The Adams Family regret that letters can't be returned so please make a copy before you send them in.

Dear Ivor

With the postponement of so many games this season it has come to my attention that the only solution is an indoor stadium. Like all I realise that it costs the club a lot of money to postpone a game, there is the policing cost not to mention the cancellation of half time boardroom food. My solution although pricey will save you in the long run. The council will never let you build a roof on Adams Park unless of course it was thatched so my suggestion is as follows. When you build the new stand I suggest you build the roof just a little further than planned perhaps an extra 100 feet or so. Just tell the council it was an unseen error that would never have occurred had the protesting residents not got involved in the planning stages. I'm sure this will work and as a bonus you can keep your JCB's undercover in the close season.

Yours B. Barber.

Dear Ivor

As we seem to have so many matches postponed I spent a most enjoyable Sunday afternoon trying to work out what you and the club could do about it. It's obviously an expensive job cancelling the police and full time boardroom food so I've looked at it logically. The pitch is often covered in snow but the roads outside are not, how can this be? Well I'm sure in your line of work you could lay your hands on a big yellow gritter and give the pitch a quick once over. Ivor this solution is so easy I can't believe you don't already do it.

Yours L. Payne

Dearest Ivor

With the on going battle of kit changes I've had a cracker of an idea to help the club to a little pot of gold.

Why not have the club tell the fans that you will no longer be using the famous light and dark blue quarters then after the disappointed feedback turn round your decision telling the loyal fans you listen to and respect their voice. A bit like the Conservative party did with the Poll Tax. Then present two foul and disgusting designs which only just incorporate the quarters and give the fans the chance to choose. This will allow the club to say to anyone who moans "well you chose it". Finally when another two years are up change the kit yet again to a plain crap coloured kit and the fans will be so chuffed to have lost the naff quarters of the last strip they will go out and buy the new one in their droves, thus making the club even richer. It's got to be worth a thought.

Thanks for listening Mark Austin

Hat-Trick Heroes

"Oh Johnny Johnny ... Johnny Johnny Johnny Johnny Williams". This is the inspiring chant that has given Blues fans something to cheer about in recent weeks. A far cry from a few months back when we thought we'd bought an absolute turkey. In fact I'd say John is one of few players who can hold their heads up high at the end of the season as his commitment on the pitch has improved 100% in recent weeks.

Anyway the point of this article is that I thought I'd plagiarise the programme's "back in time" feature with my own variation (By the way that's the only thing in the programme that I'd wish to plagiarise). Some spooky coincidences will see that a step back in time sees three quality hat-tricks by the three most unlikely players. So cheer up Steve McGavin - yours might be coming in 2001!

1986: Come forth wood-machinist from Oxford JASON SEACOLE. It was a blustery November day when Jason "zico" Seacole netted three quality strikes against a hapless Worthing team mesmerised by the surely drug inspired antics by this foraging midfielder. The slippery balding midget could do no wrong and who can ever forget the headline in the Midweek "Jason's Treble Treat". Should Messrs. Cousins or Rowbotham

ever get close to a hat-trick come on Miss Nash and give us more of the same .

1991: And ladies and Gentleman I offer you SIR MICK NUTTELL. Yes the "king of highlights" destroyed Altrincham with a display of power heading which saw scouts flocking from all over the globe to Adams Park in search of this hot new talent. Unfortunately our manager preferred Keith Scott so there was no place in the side for this divine virtuoso who as we all know was the suavest man ever to slip on a quartered blue shirt and was perhaps the inspiration for this very fanzine. God bless him.



1996: And when we all thought "oh no he's playing again" BIG JOHN WILLIAMS steps out from his personal nightmare with one of the finest individual performances of the season. What made it greater was that John didn't sulk and play it cool but celebrated with the fans who had been slagging him off for the last couple of months. And being an easily pleased bunch of course we opened our arms wide open. As Roland Gift once sang "Johnny we're sorry" and indeed we are we just didn't realise that you had such talent in you.

WWFC DIARY

Greetings and welcome to another edition of the diary. There's been a great deal going on since the last issue and various members of the public have sent in their snippets of information regarding the club.

There have been numerous spottings of Wanderers past and present out on the town in recent weeks. Mr. Alan Parry was seen purchasing Robson & Jerome's fine album in WH Smiths whilst Wycombe legend Mark West was in nearby Boots in The Octagon buying a silky pair of Women's tights. Now we know what Slough Town get up to at half time.

Player wise Johnny Williams was spotted cruising down the M1 at 90 mph slowing to stick a thumb aloft at one TAF scribe with a WWFC sticker in the window. Top Chap. Saddest men around this month however have to be Keith Ryan and Steve McGavin. Keith was to be found after the home defeat by Swindon down at Club Eden in the front row during ex Gladiator Shadow's saucy strip-show. One punter reckoned that when Shadow (or was it Steve Brown) flung his jockstrap into the crowd Keith could be seen eagerly leaping to grab hold of it. Worrying too was the sight of Steve McGavin loitering around Feathers in Desborough Road. I say Feathers but perhaps I'm doing Steve a disservice. Maybe he was crossing the road to have his supper in that suave "fish 'n chip Restaurant" TUCK-IN.



Fun was to be had in the bar before the recent victory against Stockport. Punters will remember that it lashed down for ages before the game which prompted Bar man and top wag Mick the Fish to tell all that the update on the pitch was that it was "Playable but F**king wet". Hurrah for the club's family spirit. More horrifying though was the sight of ex-boss and buyer of Martin Lambert Jim Kelman strolling around outside hoping to be recognised. Worse came when an old boy proceeded to tell me that if he was in charge today we wouldn't be slipping down the football league! Correction. No we wouldn't be in the football league, but fannying around with the likes of Yeovil and Aylesbury.

Rumour has it that ex-club secretary John Goldsworthy's "Behind The Scenes" column was pulled by Alan Smith in a recent programme after it contained some rather bizarre views on our proposed new kit deal. I see that Mr.G has boycotted writing for the programme again as a result. All a bit similar to our little tete a tete with the man some years back. One thing sprang to mind though. I wonder if programme editor Adrian Wood wrote a condescending letter to Alan Smith, ordering him to "apologise now". 'Doubt it somehow.

TAF lads were thrilled to bits when our sponsored player/guru Gary "Patto" Patterson recently won the player of the month award for his silky contributions on the pitch. Gracing the turf that day we like to think that we helped inspire the 4-1 victory. Plenty of back-slapping went on behind the scenes later when fellow sponsor, office furniture guru Roger Vere, told a crowded sponsors room that TAF had been a credit to the town. He also wrote an impromptu cheque for £10,000 and told us to set up our own office and "make him laugh for many seasons to come". What a guy!



It was nice recently to see a bit of supporters power in the choice of the kit for next season and I was more than pleased to hear that kit B had won the supporters over. Kit A looked like a kid had 'nicked his dad's paint roller and gone awol with some dulux primer. The design was nothing short of something that an eighties schoolkid would have knocked up on his ZX81. Still as Alan Smith says its "the heart and body" that fill it that's important. True, but you don't want to wear something that makes you look like you've been attacked by a flock of incontinent seagulls now do you?

Last but not least. Do you fancy getting hold of a pre-Taylor Report "overhead photo" of Adams Park. I think it's quite relevant seeing as the new stand is to be constructed any week now. We were the proud recipients of five of these 10"x8" colour beauties, and we vowed to plug them in return. Send a £3.50 cheque with your name and address on reverse made payable to PREMIER IMAGE PRODUCTS. Then pop in the post to UNIT 12, D.E.C 157-159 BOUNDFIELD ROAD, LONDON, SE6 1PE. Believe me it will work out cheaper than hiring your own helicopter for the day. Alternatively give them a buzz on 0181 4614214. Over and Out.

Lambo!

CULT/KALT (attrib) *denoting a person or thing popularized in this way (cult film, cult figure)*

CULT? *a cack footballer who scores the odd flukey goal and is worshipped (for no known reason) by a minority section of the crowd (who are usually on some mind bending substance).*

Only one of the above descriptions of the word "Cult" appears in my Collins Concise Oxford Dictionary but if ever a man fitted the latter it was Martin Lambert, otherwise (and rather unimaginatively) known as "Lambo". Back in the days when Jim Kelman went from messiah (for finishing fourth GMVC) to spawn of beelzebub (for losing 3:1 at home to the Met Police) Wycombe had a striker of imposing stature. Well actually he was a bit on the podgy side but I worshipped Martin Lambert (and I wasn't taking mind-bending drugs.) It appears that every club must have at least one cult player. They are either an enigmatic winger who is brilliant for two minutes of a match and crap for the other 88. Martin Lambert was of the other genre, i.e. he was OK. for two minutes of the season and pretty much gob-shite for the rest.

Why did I revere him? I hear you ask. I don't really know to be honest. I guess I just felt sorry for him. He did score the only goal of the game when we beat Barry "ITV are up my backside" Fry's Barnet. His goal was shown on south east news and if you paused the video tape you could see my legs in the crowd at the top of the screen- aren't I the major celebrity.

As with most cult players you got a bit of humour out of Lambo. Usually it was at his control or shooting ability, but occasionally it was at his rather petty acts of hardness. I remember one particularly grim match at Boston United (nice ground, no fans) when we were beaten 2:0. The Wycombe fans were chanting "Sack the board", We were crap and amazingly Lambo was our best player (for one game only). He had a diving header cleared off the line and that's as good as it got. In the first half he took out one of Boston's centre-backs. The ref gave him a long lecture and when the game was restarted he took out the other centre-back. The ref whistled frantically at Lambo to come over for another earbashing, but he just walked away with the worst put on limp imaginable and in the end the referee gave up.

Another moment of classic Lambo "hardness" was away to Cheltenham, whose side included a young Michael Nuttall, in March 1990. For the whole of the first half Cheltenham's oaf defender Ray Baverstock had been pushing local legend Mark West about. The ref wasn't doing anything about it so it was up to Martin Lambert to meter out his own justice. Next time Baverstock

went for a header Lambo launched himself and flattened him. The ref, with obvious disregard for justice gave a foul against our hero. However, Lambo got the last laugh by childishly sitting on Baverstock's head for a full twenty seconds, it wouldn't surprise me if he guffed on the prostrate defender as well.

I actually met the great man twice. One occasion was in McDonald's in Barnet, we had just lost 3:2 and decided to drown our sorrows in a pile of junk-food. The door opened and in walked the man himself who promptly scoffed 15 Big Macs, 6 Cheeseburgers, 2 Apple Pies and a Fillet-o-Fish. After signing autographs and posing for a photo he winked at us and said "Don't tell the boss about the Big Macs". We weren't going to anyway, seeing as O'Neill was now boss and we were beginning our rise to greatness thus Lambert couldn't even get on the bench.

The other time I met him was a few months earlier after that farcical last ever game at Loakes Park against Martin O'Neill's international XI. At the end of the game everybody ran onto the pitch to either get a sod of sacred turf or George Best's autograph. Well, nearly everyone. I made a bee-line for Lambo and got him to sign my souvenir programme I've even got a photo to prove it. Forget George Best, Lambo was the main man. Who wants the autograph of a fat footballing has-been, when they can have their photo taken with a fat footballing never-will-be?

Sadly Lambert could not hold down a place under O'Neill and shortly after the move to Adams Park he was given the boot. I don't know what became of him but he's probably sitting in bars recounting the day he scored against Barnet.

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The Agony..... and the Agony!

Trying to watch Wycombe over the winter months has become an increasingly frustrating task. The build-up to many a key encounter has been spoiled at the last minute by a frozen pitch or a snow shower.

Surely I'm not the only one who thinks that officials call off games now that they wouldn't have in the past? Fair play if a pitch is frozen solid - then you expect the ref. to call matters to a halt, but I feel that the merest chill in the air is enough for many games to be postponed - who remembers going to York City in 1986 to play on 'concrete grass'? I'm one of many in favour of a winter break of sorts (as is the practice across much of the continent), although it would of course mean the death knell to such glorious soccer competitions as the Anglo-Italian Cup, the Auto-Windcreens Shield and such like - yes, you're all heartbroken I can tell.

The Blues' games which have survived the freeze have produced displays of hugely varying levels of skill, determination and outcome. Take the home game with Notts. County and the away match at Brentford as cases in point. The first game saw Wycombe play their sweetest footy of the season so far, totally outclassing a higher positioned team, but failing to do the business in front of goal. The eventual scrambled point was fortunate and gracefully received by all, despite our territorial dominance.

The derby-ish affair with Brentford could not have been further removed. This game truly represented our footballing nadir for the term, and was certainly the crappiest Football League performance from a Wycombe side that I can remember since we became members in 1993. Can anyone recall a more despondent display?

It wasn't the fact that the football didn't gel - we don't expect Wycombe to play scintillating, flowing soccer every match, but the utter lethargy on the part of some players and the complete lack of enthusiasm to win the ball (and thus potentially the match) from the team, meant that we were never really in with a shout. I'm not going to point the finger at particular players (or should I?), but it did make you wonder whether they were on strike or something.

A lack of team spirit has been cited as a reason for some poor performances lately, however the problem does still boil down to a lack of goals. So what if Brentford score a goal - we should be able, with the players at our disposal, to score two or three. Admittedly Wycombe had no breaks in either the Notts. County or Brentford encounters, but in the latter, we were forced to wait until the 90th minute before we forced their lard-arse 'keeper to divert our one-and-

only (possibly) goalbound effort wide of the post. This really is not good enough in an hour-and-a-half of football against mediocre opposition.

It does make you wonder what goes on in training each day. What sort of things do they practice? How long is each game analysed the dreaded 'morning after'? Perhaps the following (entirely fictitious of course) scenario might sound strangely familiar to some Wanderers stars....

Alan Smith: Right, lads, gather round, I know you've had a tough night on the wholewheat pasta again, but it's doing you good, trust me - right I can see plenty of blue shirts - where's the goalies?

Terry Evans: We don't have one any more.

AS: Oh, cack! Yes, I remember now - goalies - don't do enough work, don't win tackles, don't score goals - yes, I think a club of our stature can survive without a goalie for a while. They don't really fit into my scheme of things at Adams Park. We need their wages for new carpets in the executive boxes, anyway.

TE: OK, Gaffer, you're the boss - what's for training today?

AS: Yes, Big Tel - I am the boss - and doesn't Paul Hyde know it!

Terry Howard: I'm sure he's absolutely cheering - gone to a 1st division club with a decent pay rise to boot, I reckon.

AS: As I was saying, training today will focus on ball skills, but before that, let's look at last night's match in some detail - any comments?

David Farrell: Yeah - those shorts made my arse itch.

AS: Fine, that excuses you not delivering one cross all night - I shall be personally responsible for correct SHORTS delivery from now on.

Simon Garner (lying prostrate on the boot-room floor): Great - fetch us a Jim Beam, mate....

AS: Oh God, who brought him back from the basement boys?

Steve Brown: We did it for his own good, Boss - after his body had acclimatised itself to the non-existent nightlife of Wycombe, he just couldn't handle the rave capital of Devon.

AS: Right, I just hope he's lost some of that skill he used to have, can do

without people like him in my team. What else did we learn from our sadly unproductive trip to Griffin Park?

Steve McGavin: Yeah - those white shorts were too small, I managed one shot all night.

AS: Great improvement, Steve - you might even score a goal one day. As I was saying, shorts are an important part of my 'package' he-

TH: Mine too - I go for those black tanga briefs, personally!

(Laughs from everyone)

AS: Shut up! I'm in charge here - Terry, do 50 press-ups - no, better still, shift all those unsold books from the club shop and do something useful with them - like build the new stand or something.

(TH slopes away cursing the rest of the team go out with Dave Jones and David "no sponsor" Kemp)

AS: Right - no goalies, better try and sign one up. Still, let's practice some shooting, Willo, Mig, Steve McG, unknown geezer from Grays and Garns, have some shots against Dave Jones - boost your confidence a bit.

DJ: But Alan, I've never-

AS: Look, we'll just have to make do with what we've got, OK? The rest of you can practice ball skills - y'know dribbling, passing - all that tricky stuff.

Jason Cousins: Aw, come off it, can't we just practice set pieces and long kicks like usual?

AS: Nope, Mark Austin's survey has revealed that the punters want entertaining football as well as results.

Mickey Bell: Well we don't manage either at the moment....

(Players crease up with laughter again)

AS: I'm glad to see that team spirit isn't a problem - however, I'm not prepared to tolerate this sort of insolence. Mr. Bell can consider himself well and truly on the transfer list, he will fester in the reserves and not get spoken to until I release him to a Premier League Club for a paltry sum - club policy now.

(Training gets under way - Gary Patterson and Keith Ryan stroke the ball effortlessly to each other all morning, Steve Brown maims 3 men, the rest lose 8 balls into the woods; 2 hours later, Alan rounds up the troops)

AS: Right midfield, defence you've worked very hard all morning, I propose a filling dark cabbage souffle with a tofu and swede salad for lunch, very high in Vitamin D12, I'll soon have you all running about like Jason Soloman and Simon Stapleton.

(The strikers return from shooting practice)

AS: OK, how many onion bags did you break lads?

(All mumble apart from Garner who has mistakenly ended up in the Centre Spot)

DJ: Not many, Alan (takes off a pair of clean gloves) - Garner scored 34, couldn't get near them: De Souza got 8 where he ran the ball into the net: Williams didn't get any but suddenly got 3 in-a-row at the end, and McGavin didn't score at all but he insisted on taking some penalties before we finished - he missed them as well, I think he's down the kebab van now.

AS (fuming): Right, I told those ruddy Turkish peasants that kebabs aren't part of the WWFC packa-

(Smithy is seen sprinting off towards Hillbottom Road, meanwhile Alan Hutchinson is seen trotting towards the players, the trusty Nokia welded to his shell-like)

AH: Yes, great transfer news that I can bring to you exclusively on Wanderers Clubcall today, the Wycombe Wanderers information line updated daily, 365 days per year. So press "1" on your phones to hear the latest news on file one, "2" for an exclusive interview with Capital League hero Brian McGorry, "3" for live commentary of today's South East Counties match at Molins Sports Ground, brought to you in conjunction with Linpave Construction, purveyors of quality erections sin-

Gary Patterson: But Alan, none of us have got touch-tone phones with us.

AH: Ah, news of a great new service for all you Heath Robinsons out there who don't have access to the latest digital telecommunications technology like me, is that Clubcall can now be voice activated, so please say the number of the file you wish to hear after the bleep....

Entire Squad: ONE!!

AH: And hot transfer news, Wycombe have signed up budding reserve and youth team goalies, Vince Matassa and Tom Keys in a deal reported to be worth a lot to Neil Smilie, sorry, the players' agents, sorry, a lot to the club. They have allegedly negotiated six-figure salaries due to the unavailability of any other 'keepers in the country.

(Like the shopkeeper in Mr.Benn, Ivor Beeks appears from nowhere)

IB: Bad news, lads, we've no money left to build the stand - looks like we'll be booted out of the league next season. Ta-ta....

(Ivor zooms off in his new Lexus, the players look gutted, so do Brian McGorry and Jason Soloman)

Cult heroes of our time...

Number 2: Andy Graham

You might recall that 2 issues back, we conducted our own study on the career of Sir Mickey Nuttall, well due to demands from you the TAF-buying public, we have decided to continue this series, this time though we sent off a questionnaire to former Loakes Park guru, Andy Graham, to get some words of wisdom from the horse's mouth himself! It came back too late for last issue's deadline, but as Andy himself pointed out, "I have been extremely busy marking and preparing documentation for a school inspection." No arguing with school inspectors....

Why did you leave Wycombe? I left because I was not getting a regular place; in midweek capital league games I was being played out of position and the manager ignored me!

Who have you played for since? Staines Town 1988-89 (VOL 1 Champions), '89-'90 (VOL Premier), Northwich Victoria (GMVC) 1991-92, Hyde Utd. (Northern Premier) 1992-94, Radcliffe Borough (Unibond Div.1) 1995-?

Fondest memory of your time at Wycombe? Winning the VOL Premier League 1987, scoring v. Hitchin 2-1 to clinch Championship, training on astroturf in mid-winter - going to pub with Tealy & Ganey after winning.

Favourite player whilst at Wycombe? Neil Price - his left foot - I played just in front of him and he was skilful and inventive going forward - we had a good understanding. Best player: Noel Ashford.

Best goal you scored for Wycombe? I remember my header for Wycombe v. Slough 3-0 as we won and it was my first game at left midfield.

Have you ever been to Adams Park (Wycombe's ground since 1990)? No, I haven't. I started playing too late in the season for Northwich 1991.

Has Wycombe's meteoric rise surprised you? Not really! Speed maybe! Good geographical location and excellent support.

Why did you miss the coach to Bognor (Championship winning game in '86-'87 season)? Typically, John Reardon told me to meet at appointed time at the "Crooked Billet" pub in Staines. He then told the Links (Declan and George) to meet half-an-hour earlier. He didn't tell me....I didn't drive then! They went without me!

Our abiding memory of you is slaying 4 goals pass the hapless Windsor & Eton keeper in the Berks & Bucks Cup. Have you ever surpassed that tally? You know I had forgotten I had scored 4 goals in a game - I can't remember any of those goals! I have scored hat-tricks for Hyde Utd. and Radcliffe B.

An old player profile said you were into New Model Army and The Cult - this still the case, or have your tastes diversified? Yes, I love New Model Army. The Cult LP "love" was excellent - after that, crap. I like The Cure - got all their albums. REM are great - saw their first UK concert at Wembley Arena - also saw Talking Heads first ever UK Tour in about 1978! Red Hot Chili Peppers, Nirvana, Siouxsie & The Banshees, Portishead, Bjork, Captain Beefheart, Thin Lizzy also!

So come on then - Blur or Oasis - who's best? I quite like both without being mad on either - they are too similar to older styles I know.

What do you do now (for a living)? I am a history teacher on the Wirral (between Wales & Liverpool) in Heswall (birthplace of John Peel & Ian Botham)!

Sporting Ambitions remaining? To keep plating soccer in order to keep fit / keep weight down, and because I enjoy playing. To win one more league - maybe Unibond Div.1.

Give us a physical breakdown of yourself - height, weight, continued hair loss (arf, arf!!) etc. 6'2 1/2", 14 1/2 stones (getting too weighty - mind you good for shoulder barges), no hair left - too many male hormones obviously! Avoided major injuries but I do suffer from sciatica and back stiffness.

What's your poison these days? (Mark all appropriate)

**** Guinness*** - occasionally

**** Babycham***

**** Single Malt*** - occasionally (Lagavulin & Talisker)

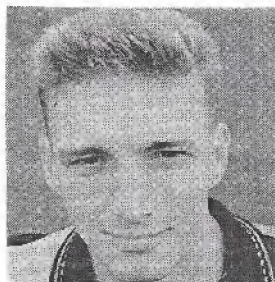
**** Boddingtons Export***

**** Special Brew*** - Too strong!

**** A bottle of Aussie "Jacob's Creek"***

**** A glass of milk***

I mainly have Stella Artois, San Miguel and Tennents Extra.



THE FORGOTTEN MAN RETURNS

simon stapleton

Ever since Alan Smith joined Wycombe Wanderers he has informed us how he's been waiting for the return to fitness of various players. The name cropping up more than often on the list has been that of Simon Stapleton. "Simon who?" you may well ask as Stapes is truly a man forgotten. Not for he the comeback hype of Terry Evans and Keith Ryan. Not for he the adulation of the home crowd. Why? This is a man who has played 250+ games for Wycombe Wanderers. A man who has played in practically every position in a Blue shirt. Yet for all we know he could have gone to the moon and back, so little information we've had on his injury. However now he's returned lets refresh our memory on this valiant trooper and savour the ups and downs of his Wycombe career. One thing is for certain I'm sure everyone wishes Si the best of luck for the remainder of the season and who knows maybe he'll recapture the form of yore which prompted our "Terrace Tattler" in issue 8 to mention that "Stapes" had, and I quote, "turned into one of my favourites."

It was at the start of the season 1989/90 when the young Stapes walked onto the slopes of Loakes Park to play a role in Wycombe's final season at the hallowed gaff. As a mere fledgling blooming with potential we forgave him for his player profile in the programme for the first home game of the season where he claimed his favourite food was fruit, and his drink....Orange juice. Yes mate we believed you. Whatsmore when asked if he had anything else of interest the inspired reply was "nothing". Boring sod. On the pitch however he had an excellent season, despite being in a side which included Steve Wicks and Martin Lambert! Some sterling displays at left back and midfield weren't enough to keep Jimmy Kelman in a job however, and Simon had the misfortune to play in the now infamous cup defeat by those wily old

pro's the Metropolitan Police.

The following season saw the man in good nick yet again. Whilst never outstanding, you were always pleased when you heard his name in the line up, as you knew he would get stuck in and play the odd quality ball up to the front men. Rich reward came therefore in the FA Trophy final at Wembley. At 22 years of age this lad was surely going to be one to watch in our future assault up the league. And so it proved. The following season Stapleton was more or less ever present again, playing at left back, right back, and midfield and bagging a memorable brace at Boston. However we all know the story of that particular season. Ronald McDonald and his Col.U twats pipped us at the final hurdle, so it was all to do again next season. But this was when we saw Stapleton emerge as the teams vital cog.

In a blistering start to the season he netted seven goals in the opening three months, goals that helped Wycombe win nine out of their first ten fixtures. He mixed his combative midfield play with excellent forages into the penalty box and more often than not his finishing was like lightning. Fans behind the goal will tell you that keepers could oft be heard screaming "I surrender" as a Stapleton thunderbolt frayed the netting behind them. His skills didn't go unnoticed either as along with three other Wycombe players Stapleton represented the England Semi-Pro XI an honour which heralded him as the finest midfielder outside the football league. However if you're thinking that this is all a bit sycophantic, in my view things went downhill from here on. Stapes lost his form somewhat in the middle of the season and reached a low ebb when he was sent off in an away match at Yeovil for one of the most brutal headbutts witnessed certainly in my spectating years. This was no Asprilla/Curle handbags at dawn, but a full blooded 10 stitches-job. Unsavoury stuff for sure and little was seen of the man for the remainder of the season, when all the glory was being lavishly dished out to the double winning side, as suspension and injury ruled him out of the latter stages.

His league career in 93/94 was again was something of a blur. He was in and out of the side and performed erratically at the best of times. In fact the only highlight that I can recall (apart from the "lemon jif effect" in his barnet) is when he missed the easiest chance ever known against Rochdale. To refresh your memory issue 14 of TAF described the effort as managing to "strike every part of his anatomy except those travelling in a goalbound direction". Yes it was that bad. Things were obviously not too harmonious in the Stapleton family at the time either, as a couple of games later at home to Scunthorpe Simon's old man was seen running on to the pitch at the final whistle and accosting the referee (stand up Mr Brantwood) about his appalling decisions. A mite embarrassing for Simon

perhaps, but top entertainment for those on the terrace who admired the man's gall to achieve such infamy. That was as good as it got though and Stapes once again missed out on Wembley glory in the play-offs with yet another bloody injury.

And so into the second division. Well once again flashes of past brilliance were intertwined with moments of dire rubbish from the man. February saw a couple of goals blasted into the net which provided fond reminiscences of days gone by, but there was little more to cheer about. Injury once again dogged any chance of a decent run in the side and very little has changed for Stapes up to this very day.

All in all it's a fairly sad tale, but not one with a definite ending as he's still only 27. If Simon can get fit, get his confidence back and start to put in some decent performances in the capital league then he'll be in with a chance of recapturing some of his old skill. As a loyal servant to the club he's second only to Jesus Carroll and Matt Crossley, but the memories of his glory days are fading fast so lets hope that our "dynamic coaching duo"(?) can bring a turn around in a career that must be itching to get back on track having been derailed for so long.

SEGREGATION

There seems to be a lot of whinging on the terraces at Wycombe. Most of it directed at the team and management. Fair enough, we're not having a particularly great season and if you pay your money you have a right to an opinion. However, at the recent Swindon game I had the misfortune to stand in front of the biggest bunch of moaning minnies in the Shire. First we were moaned at for being too tall! Then it was smoking. I know most non-smokers don't like standing next to someone with a fag or pipe. Ask me politely and I'll either stop or at least try to blow the smoke in the opposite direction. However, I was prodded in the ribs and told "Oi, keep your smoke away no one wants it you know". I had just spent 45 minutes suffering the most constant witless ramblings of this bloke and his mates so I politely said "I don't want to listen to you for the whole match but I have to". This prompted his little gang to rant for the rest of the game about the state of the nation, the privatisation of the railways, the National Lottery etc. From what I could gather I'm held personally responsible for the hole in the ozone layer. Sorry!

As it seems we can't all stand on the terraces as one big happy family like they did in the 1940's and 50's, passing small children to the front, I think it's time for segregation at Adams Park. I have sent the club my recommendations for the seating arrangements in the new stand. Although I haven't received a reply yet I fully expect them to be incorporated in the construction.

My idea is for the two tiers to each be split into four sections.

The lower tier will be split as into the following:

Block A: Shortarses: Anyone under 5' 8" can sit here without some inconsiderate beanpole who purposefully grew over 6' sitting in front of them. Each row from the front backwards will be graded so the short-shortarses sit at the front and the not-so-short-shortarses at the back. There will be a life size cut-out of Bluey the Swan at the turnstile of Block A with a message saying "If your head touches my wing you're in the wrong block".

Block B: Kids: If you are under the age of eight and want to spend the whole game playing "Ting-Tang-Tallyo" or "Catch" you can do so without adults constantly tripping over you.

Block C: Anti-smoking lobby: Each seat will have an oxygen mask hanging over it like in an aeroplane. You will be able to watch the game safe in the knowledge that no one is polluting *your* air. Then when the game is finished you can drive home, filling the air with Carbon-Monoxide, get home and spray your pits with your CFC filled aerosol deodorant.

Block D: Know nothing about football: Yes, all the Elton Welsby clones who piss everyone off by talking rubbish, can piss each other off instead. As this section is in the lower tier the players should be able to hear your advice and act on it. Then we'll have the best ground in the ICIS League.

The upper tier will be segregated as follows:

Block E: Lanky buggers: Sit where you want and don't worry about the threat of being moaned at for being too tall. If you want to be tall then be tall with pride. You can even throw things at the Ginster Midgets below you.

Block F: The Radio Gang: You can hold your tinny tranny to your ear and find out how the rugby or athletics are going. Then, when you have some news and shout out "Huzzah, England have won the rugby" everyone sat round you will actually care and thank you.

Block G: Singing Section: They are introducing this idea at Highbury and it's sure to catch on. If you want to sing, bang a drum or blow your air-horn you can do so in the atmosphere of a European Cup Final. With a chorus in the middle of the stand soon everyone will be stamping their feet and catawauling.

Block H: Free for all: This section will be reserved for shortarse smokers who listen to the radio while blowing an air-horn. Or, alternatively, lanky kids who hate smoking and know nothing about football.

So there you have it. The first segregated home stand. Of course we could all just put up with each others habits and quirks. After all we are supposed to be on the same side.



DIVISION III

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Gillingham ..	34	17	11	6	40	15	52
Preston	33	15	14	4	52	31	58
Plymouth	35	15	11	9	53	39	55
Derlington ...	35	14	13	8	42	34	55
Chester	33	14	11	8	55	38	53
Wigan	35	15	8	12	50	47	53
Bury	33	14	10	9	47	38	52
Colchester ...	34	12	14	8	44	39	50
Northampton	34	13	10	11	38	34	48
Doncaster	34	12	8	13	38	45	47
Hareford	32	11	13	9	43	35	46
Barnet	35	10	15	10	46	38	46

Watch Out
The scum are
about!!!!

Oooh, Gary!

Other than Gary Patterson and his mum no one was more thrilled to see the Gaz-meister win his first player of the month award than us at TAF.

We chose to sponsor Gary as we could see his potential early on. Of course he loves Oasis and is quite cool for a football player but anyone can see he has the grace and vision of Glen Hoddle.

We got a phone call from Mark Austin asking if we would like to present Gary with his award before the Stockport match as sponsors. Too right we would. Free tickets, no doubt a little tippie at half time and a super slap up feed with Beeksy and the boys in the boardroom after the match. Well, we did get free tickets, to stand in the main stand paddock. Unfortunately we had to buy our own beers and tucker in the Blues Club before the game. Never mind we thought we get to present an award just like at the BRITS.

We had to meet Mark Austin by the tunnel just before kick off. Despite the fact that we have constantly taken the piss out of him in past issues he was very friendly, "A very nice man" someone was heard to remark later on that day. We stood by the pitch waiting for the announcement. Then Roger Vere came out with some cut glass bowl (no doubt from "Crocks & Crystals" courtesy of Alan Hutchinson) and Gary's name was read out. This is it, I thought, were going to present our little protege with his award. But no. Roger Vere shook Gary's hand, gave him his award and we just stood in the background for a cheesy photo. Hardly worth us being there really but at least we got in for free and our influence on the pitch obviously worked wonders as we tore Stockport apart.

Later that evening we all went round to Gary's bachelor pad. Not only is our man a star on the pitch, he's pretty handy in the kitchen too. We had a lovely chilli washed down with a couple bottles of Tesco Value Lambrusco which had been donated by our dear friend John Goldsworthy (apparently he had a couple of crates spare).

Just as the evening was drawing to a close Gary stood up and made a very emotional speech. He thanked us for the faith in him to invest such a large sum of money in his future. Under our guidance, he said, he would turn into a cultured playmaker with an eye for goal (one day).

As a special treat we allowed Gary to stay up and watch Match Of The Day (although he had to change into his pyjamas and brush his teeth first) then we left him. As I was leaving he took my hand, looked into my eyes and uttered a barely audible "Thank you". It warmed my heart. Maybe people really can make a difference.



Martin O'Neill: The Norwich ~~Years~~ Weeks

Quite a few of us were gutted when our old gaffer cleared off to Norwich in the summer & judging by what we've had to put up with this season, I dare say even those who were unmoved by his departure at the time are probably weeping now.

But how have the punters of Norwich reacted to his brief stay in the home town of Alan Partridge? **Martin Betts** of the Norwich fanzine '**Cheep Shot**' fills us in.

"December 17th was a pretty historic day in my life. Not only did I manage to score my first goal for my Sunday pub team (and what a bloody corker), but new messiah Martin O'Neill resigned. The reason I mention the Sunday football is to help conjure up the image of what can only be described as a beautiful day. Having woken bright and early, and resisted the temptation to lie in bed until 'Eastenders' finishes, I made my way to the football ground (or local park covered in canine faecal matter). After a thoroughly decent game, it was off down the pub for a pint before Sunday lunch. Let's be honest, I can't be the only one on the planet who would describe this as a Sunday made in heaven. What made it even better was that City were playing live on Anglia Television (add your own memories of 'Sale of the Century' here) against Leicester City in what foolishly seemed at the time, a bit of a promotion battle. As you may have expertly gathered by now, my Sunday was about to take a nosedive, with sudden and unexpected news.

What pissed me off was the fact that I had gone all the day without the slightest inkling that our manager/new saviour/general hero (del. as applicable) was going to sod off just before the biggest game of the season so far. Coupled with the fact that I had been commandeered to untangle the Christmas tree lights, you can probably understand why I was getting a tad angry with this bloody Sunday.

Everybody who supported Norwich at that time - I say that because it seems that some people have given up on City - (**are you getting a feeling of déjà vu, Wycombe supporters? - ed**), knew that something was rotten in the state of Norfolk, and that Chase had pushed O'Neill to the edge with his lack of support - financial or otherwise. Something had to give, unfortunately it was Martin not Chase who'd had enough. However Norwich fans are a strange breed and even though Chase would face a tough time over the managers departure, it seemed to instill a feeling of 'lets get together and support our team', us versus the rest so to speak.

Unfortunately that has now passed and all we are left with from the O'Neill era is a lot of what ifs and a couple of questionable signings. Matthew Rush was bizarre, and the signing of Keith Scott (or Teflon chest) still seems a bit strange (**that's**

nothing, we pay Brian McGorry a weekly wage! - ed). One thing is for sure the players seem fairly happy about having a new manager. Captain Jon Newsome is supposedly to have had something along the lines of, "It's good to get rid of that Irish @!&%", and Jeremy Goss has mysteriously re-appeared in the first team after being lost in the reserves under O'Neill. Summing up, Martin O'Neill is a painful memory lost in the back of city supporters minds, as they pray for Chase to leave and Mike Walker to return."

So there you have it, the views on our ex's brief fling with Norwich from a man in the know. Since this trauma Norwich have free fallen down the league and O'Neill has certainly failed to set Leicester alight. I'm not sure that the return of Mike Walker will do you any good, how about a certain ex-Palace boss instead?



Martin O'Neill.... "And good tidings to you also, Mr Newsome!"

Letters

Once again the old TAF postbag has been causing the postman no particular worries with its size, although we certainly received a bit of a fright on collecting our mail at Wycombe post office a while ago. Only that morning the Bucks Free Press had published a letter from a certain Gregory P Wilson, a charming bloke no-doubt but one who had committed a murder and done something far from legal with a corpse. Greg was trying to trace his family here in Wycombe, but also sent TAF a letter asking for a subscription, enabling him to be WWFC's longest

distance supporter. TAF naturally bottled his request but we're sure it would make a smashing article for "Blues News" - so if you want his address Mr. Beeks just drop us a line!

Other than that, we've had a couple of e-mails from a Chesham United fanzine which basically amount to calling us the evil corporate end of the fanzine market, meaning that we haven't got huge ego's and therefore don't need to set ourselves up as outrageous anarchists just to get attention.

Finally this lovely and interesting letter from Steve 'back in time' Maguire of Downley, keep 'em coming.

Dear TAF,

I thought I'd just say thanks to the TAF clan for some top quality match reports in the Star recently, a healthy contrast to the BFP. Not that I'm having a go at them at all, but as they rely on club personnel to fill their pages, they are never going to be too critical.

While you can say that David Farrell is having a dreadful season (he is and you said so), unlike Claire Nash at the BFP you don't have to worry about getting an interview with him after he has set up all the goals during a 6-0 win (well, it could happen!) Also I am sure that BFP editor Steve Cohen, would be anxious to avoid another row between his staff and Mr. Beeks, as happened with your old pal Pete Lansley a few years ago.

One story that had to be handled carefully by the BFP was the breakdown of talks between the club and Gary Blissett over the extension of his loan period from Wimbledon. This story first appeared in the "Sunday People", who happen to have a weekly column by that shy, sensitive chap, Eric Hall - who by coincidence is Blissett's agent. One version of events is that after agreeing with the player and Wimbledon for the loan to be extended, Wycombe were shocked to be asked for a bonus of £500 per goal to be paid to Eric Hall (and can we point out this is monster allegedly - ed) in pound notes. This I find hard to believe as football's friend, Eric, well known for putting the interests of the game before his own, has stated many times that no one in football takes a bung. Besides, why would he want cash? He would only have to take it round to his local tax office, and we all know how monster busy he is.

Steve Maguire, Mendip Way, Downley.

At last TAF receives a letter from a sane individual - if you too consider yourself holding a full quota of sanity feel free to write to us, we're not just there for the nutters. Some good points are made by Steve in his letter, but as it was written at the start of February I fear that his comments on the BFP may have been hasty now that Claire Nash has turned into a fully paid up, sabre wielding nutter. Not only that but she still has to face Mr. Smith, which is more than we have to. By the way if Dave Farrell ever does set up all six goals in a 6-0 first team win at Adams Park, TAF will personally buy all our readers a pint in the Vere suite!

Chairboys on the Net

Question: The Internet, a mine of fantastic information & a truly awesome way of contacting or staying in touch with people all around the globe? Or a souped up version of teletext that will turn out to be a white elephant on a par with betamax videos?

Answer: Well it's probably the former, but that doesn't mean to say that it's not also used by tragic sex pests downloading the latest "saucy" pics of Pam Anderson and crazed psychopaths who have forgotten how to speak due to prolonged usage of it!

Anyway, you're probably saying, if I'd wanted a lecture on the 'net then I'd have bought Science Weekly not the Adams Family, and you'd be right so I'll get to the point. Before this fine publication was founded, an equally top draw fanzine used to sell at WWFC, namely Chairboys Gas. Shortly before the move to Adams Park, C.G. was disbanded but has now reincarnated itself in cyberspace as Chairboys on the Net.

Being a bit of a simpleton myself, It's taken me about two months to work out how you get to it on the Internet, although I've been told that "The kids of today" can do it in 2 minutes with their eyes shut. However it was well worth the effort as the said page unfolded before my eyes. Not only is this page one of the best looking footy pages I have seen, (bear in mind I've only seen Barnet's and Charlton's!) but it isn't lacking in substance. There was a cracking match report on the Brighton game, some cool graphic representations of the new stand, a tribute to Paul Hyde and..... well just about anything you'd ever need to know about WWFC, past and present.

If you're still none the wiser as to what this is all about I'll try and paint a picture. Yes it is a bit like teletext, but rather than turning to page 174 on local sport to find out that Alan Smith has extended Simon Garner's loan period to Torquay because he has so many great strikers at his disposal, you type in an address (known as a URL) and up comes an index of all the things you can see at that site. You can select any of the items in the index and within seconds another page will appear with all that information on it.

Well at least I've tried to explain it, but if you don't understand and would still like to know more there are far better people than me to guide you.

Anyway if you have access to the Internet then you really should check out this "ruddy splendid" site, it's far better than waiting for the BFP to come out on Friday and a darn sight cheaper than Alan Hutchinson's clubcall line!

The URL for all this fun is.....

<http://ourworld.compuserve.com:80/homepages/chairboys/>